

## The Messenger

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Volume 2001

Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2001

Article 12

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2001

# Elementum Amorum

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### Recommended Citation

Harper, Matthew (2001) "Elementum Amorum," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2001: Iss. 1, Article 12.

Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2001/iss1/12>

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## I: Cayenne

Tongue-spit burning sparks climb a smoky spire,  
dancing fevers. Defy gravitation  
in her incense for length of candle's fire –  
too brief. Lips yearn for a conflagration  
of the mind. Every purse and pout is wrought  
with danger's taste, candy-coated napalm  
kisses blister skin. Blood boils magma hot,  
melts inhibitions charred beyond all balm  
or salve. Writhing delicious in Hell's grasp,  
brush of her incendiary device  
baking world into ashen drought. My rasp-  
ing throat cries out. No water will suffice.  
A word to those who carry passion's torch –  
The flaming red of lover's lips can scorch.

# Elementum Amorum

| *Matthew Harper*

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## II: Aquamarine

Glinting hints of sparkle-shining daughter  
floating over lily-white. Cream soft line  
past her aquatic undertones. Water  
falling splish-splash into honey-sweet brine,  
loving each drink and drop of salty thirst.  
Tidal thrall, bound serf to depths Piscean –  
alone, adrift, like he Poseidon curst,  
wind-tossed, capsized by waves cerulean  
pools of deepest light have made beneath me.  
Gave stars for sea, sailing circles, no sex-  
tant or compass for steering. Here there be  
dragons, the siren's reef holds many wrecks.  
Beauty has a strength like Triton's stallions -  
Deep blue eyes a might like fleets of galleons.

### III: Sandstone

Carving, hollowing, deepening the worth  
of crystalline geode dreams. Sinking fault  
lines spitting thunder from the splitting earth,  
a long soft moan aroused from cold basalt.  
Caressing diamond sundering stalag-  
mite, break into iron blood. Subdermal  
tectonic thrusts give rise to granite crag  
and deep ravines. Gushing vents of thermal  
steam cleave mountains until cornerstone breaks.  
Boulders crack, bounce with rumble-tumble slide,  
shatter on valley floor. She softly quakes  
and gently rocks, my Demeter beside.  
Your flinty pride to lover's touch must yield,  
or with stone heart into the dirt be sealed.

### IV: Gossamer

Celestial whisper on which I send  
a silent songbird blessing. Watch down-draft  
midnight cyclone shards drift into the wind-  
swept ethereal cloud-dance. Vapors waft  
off shining soul-wings, silken slipstream skin  
and smile. Around pale curling halo whirl-  
ing Sylphic sprites conspire, now and again,  
to make golden lightning tickle cheeks. Girl  
and storm made one in dreams of secret sky-  
born freedom. Glide on spiral currents, stare  
at small beneath, forget ground with me, fly  
beyond spheres, angel and her Prince of Air.  
Break out of earthbound chains, take soaring flights  
and let soft Zephyr end your lonely nights.

### V: Phantasm

Silver light dream, heaven's dew-drop here. It  
wills to wisp her past mirrored curtain, all  
eternal bliss. Static snow-mist spirit  
slinking out, over, tearing birthing caul  
away. Her screams of joy awaken souls,  
set prisms sparking newfound pneumatic  
sprays. Glowing mind's eyes, shining spectrum coals,  
quintessential idiosyncratic  
illuminations of highest glory.  
Bound in velvet chains, smoothly tight. A shade  
still unaware, caught in allegory  
of the cavern her purest essence made.  
While lips, and eyes, and touch, and hair I love,  
your inner beauty shines like God above.